PS 635
.Z9
W7348
Copy 1

The Wondrous Romance

The Wondrous Romance

By

Adeline Bryan Willis

PS635
.Z9W7348

Copyrighted 1920
by
Adeline Bryan Willis

JUN 10 1920

©CIA569974

TMP92-007475

Other Stories by Adeline Bryan Willis

The Theme
What the Vintners Buy
The High Tide
The Gospel of the Red Rose
Gold
The Charm
The Still
The Silver Sickle
The Islands of Desire
The Step-Lover

STATE OF OREGON
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
SALEM

September 30, 1918.

To Whom it May be of Interest:

This will introduce Mrs. Adeline Bryan Willis, of Portland, in whose story of the Lewis & Clark expedition I have a very deep personal interest. Any courtesies or kindnesses that may be extended to her in connection with her plans to consummate her plans on a plane in keeping with the high merit of her work will be greatly appreciated by me personally.

Very truly yours,

James Withycombe.

Governor.

The Wondrous Romance

(*The Lewis and Clark Expedition*)

An Excerpt:

A great Tablet on which is inscribed in high relief the following excerpt from Ingalls' "Opportunity." Behind the Tablet stands the cloaked male figure of the Master of Human Destinies, his folded arms resting upon the top of the Tablet:

Opportunity

"Master of human destinies am I!
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by
Hovel and mart and palace . . . soon or late
I knock, unbidden, once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake . . . if fasting, rise before
I turn away . . . it is the hour of fate."

The Wondrous Romance

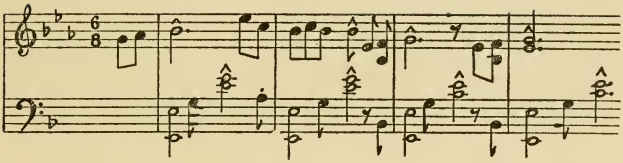
(The Lewis and Clark Expedition)

ROLLING SUBTITLE

IN 1804 TO 1806 CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS AND A LITTLE BAND OF AMERICAN REGULAR ARMY SOLDIERS WITH CAPTAIN WILLIAM CLARK SECOND IN COMMAND, THE ENTIRE PARTY INCLUDING GUIDE AND INTERPRETER CONSISTING OF BUT THIRTY-TWO PERSONS, AND AT A COST TO THE GOVERNMENT OF BUT TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS AND THE LIFE OF ONE MAN, FOLLOWED THE MISSOURI RIVER TO ITS SOURCE, THENCE OVER THE LOLO TRAIL AND DOWN THE COLUMBIA RIVER TO THE PACIFIC OCEAN, AND RETURNED; TRAVERSING A LAND UNEXPLORED BY WHITE MEN, PEOPLED BY EIGHTY THOUSAND WARRING AND HOSTILE INDIANS; TRAVELING FOUR THOUSAND MILES AND SUFFERING UNTOLD HARDSHIPS; FORMING PEACEFUL INTERTRIBAL RELATIONS AND SECURING FOR THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT VOLUNTARY ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF SUBSERVIENCE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES; THEREBY SUBDUING AN IMMENSE AND VALUABLE COUNTRY, AND BEARING THE FLAG TO THE WESTERN SHORE;—AN ACHIEVEMENT UNPARALLELED IN HISTORY

THIS GREAT TRACT, THE RESOURCES OF WHICH WERE OF SUCH UNTOLD VALUE TO THE ALLIED CAUSE, IS THE ONLY LAND NOW OR EVER OWNED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT WHICH WAS NOT BOUGHT FROM SOME OTHER COUNTRY WITH EITHER MONEY OR BLOOD OR BOTH . . THIS LAND, ALONE, WAS WON BY AMERICANS FOR AMERICA!

From "The Adventuring Prophet."



Adeline B. Willis

MOTIVE

The winning of the Oregon country forestalled the incipient plans of King George of England to retake from the West the "Thirteen Colonies" and thus destroy a newly founded republic.

Scene shows the following map:

. . . Fades into Sub-Title:

FOUR HUNDRED AND THIRTY YEARS AGO THIS WAS THE WHOLE OF THE KNOWN WORLD . . . .

. . . Fades to show date:

1490

. . . Fades to Sub-Title:

EACH OF ITS SUCCESSIVE GOVERNMENTS HAD EXPRESSED THE

IDEAL OF AN INDIVIDUAL.

Sub-Title is obscured by fade-in of a . . . *CROWN.*

Fades to re-show of MAP.

THE PRELUDE

THEN THE GOD OF VISIONS . . .

Scene II. The huge, muscular body of a man god, well to the front of scene, three quarters back, he filling in the right of screen space from top to bottom; before him, center scene, deeper set, a rough block of marble; left scene, and far into background, a stretch of space and sky and clouds. As he lifts and tests his tools, he turns and looks away toward left and smiles a "discoverer's" smile.

. . . Iris out on the marble block.

Scene III. An old, frayed canvas unrolls; shows Columbus setting sail from the shores of Spain; adds a shadow sub-title . . .

1492

Scene IV. Iris in on the marble block showing the Dream god at work; he works at the right of the block, but little squared around from the position in scene II, showing side view; he smiles; as his blows fall the marble chips off to show the first lines in detail of a woman's figure—the round of the cheek, the curve of the throat, the line over the heart, and an indication of the arm.

. . . Iris out on the marble . . .

FOUND A DREAM OF LIFE . . .

Scene V Fades into re-show of Scene III, canvas then re-rolls disclosing

(*IN COLORS*)

Scene VI A great SPHERE suspended in space; on its surface is shown a relief of the Continents and Seas of the Western Hemisphere, centering upon the Northern half; background deep BLUE set with WHITE STARS; foreground drifting vapors; at upper right a winding ribbon scroll shows the passing dates of discovery; below

this, right, in column, in their respective colors, the names of these Countries:

SPAIN	GREEN
ENGLAND	RED
FRANCE	BLUE
HOLLAND	PURPLE
SWEDEN	BROWN
RUSSIA	YELLOW
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA . . .	
. . .	RED, WHITE, BLUE

Left of the SPHERE, crouched among the clouds is the figure of a woman veiled to the eyes; she is mystery here as she was when within the marble; she is watching with deep emotional interest the evolutions which take place upon the surface of the SPHERE.

These evolutions consist of the occurrence and spread of colors which shall account for European ownership of lands on this Continent, developed in chronological order, synchronous with the passing dates on the winding ribbon scroll, from 1492 to 1920 . . . Thus: As she watches, at showing "1492," GREEN, SPAIN'S color, occurs at San Salvador, Cuba and Haiti; five seconds later, at showing "1497," RED, ENGLAND'S color, occurs at Labrador; one second later, at "1498," the MAIN LAND at Rio de Janeiro is GREEN; and these colors come or go to stay as did the ownership of land: Cuba is GREEN for four hundred and six years (or, according to this scale, *seconds of time to show*, or technically, four hundred and six film feet) and TRI-COLOR twenty-two;—428.

Labrador is NO COLOR five years, RED four hundred and twenty-three—428. . . New York State is NO COLOR thirty-two years, BLUE eighty-five, PURPLE fifty-five, RED one hundred and nineteen and TRI-COLOR one hundred and thirty-seven—428; etc.

THE WHOLE PRELUDE takes about seven minutes to show; this time, however, can be automatically contracted or expanded at will, since the color scheme development, the dramatic action, and the film footage are here reduced to common-fractional standard.

The following sequence of SCENES form an inset within the confines of the outlines of the SPHERE, the figure and other details remaining as before.

Sub-Scene 1 At showing of "1775":—Iris in (within the confines of the SPHERE) showing the village green at Lexington as of that date, depicting skirmish between British Regulars and American Minute Men.

Sub-Scene 2 An American under fire attempts to rescue a wounded comrade.

Sub-Scene 3 Close-up: The American lifts the wounded man, who dies in his arms.

Scene VII Iris in on marble showing dream-god having nearly completed his work of freeing the figure from the stone; he works kneeling; the figure except one foot is free . . . Fades to—

Scene VIII. The veiled figure has freed her head, throat and arm; she wears a STAR on her forehead; fades to re-show Sub-Scene 3.

THE FIRST TO DIE FOR FREEDOM.

Sub-Scene 4 At showing "1777":—Washington, ragged and worn, among his tattered troops at Valley Forge IN THE WINTER of 1777 and '8.

Sub-Scene 5 Showing the piteousness of their destitution.

IN THE SPRING CAME THE GOOD NEWS THAT *FRANCE HAD SENT A FLEET TO HELP!*

Sub-Scene 6 At showing "1783"—Sub-title—

PEACE

Scene IX Fades, showing that the THIRTEEN COLONIES have been colored RED, WHITE AND BLUE; where the ribbon scroll is at upper right, a rising dawn appears, spreading across the sky in bands of RED AND WHITE dissipating the BLUE. The figure throws off her veilings and emerges as

"COLUMBIA,"

the SPIRIT OF FREEDOM.

At next date showing, that of "1803":—Sub-title

THE LEWIS AND CLARK EXPEDITION

Scene X

Fades, showing that the narrow line of RED and WHITE and BLUE blocks which ran along the Atlantic Shore has been stretched across the Continent to the Shore of the Pacific.

(The Louisiana Purchase occurred during the time of this Expedition; but holding the COLONIES against Western invasion if these Indians were incited to fight was safeguarded by the TREATIES of Lewis with the Indians).

As the bands of color fade from a daylight sky, it is seen that COLUMBIA wears them as a scarf, her robe being BLUE with WHITE STARS.

As she watches the completion of the Terrestial color scheme, at passing of such dates as were accompanied by bloodshed, a blot precedes the color; and in such instances as those in which money was paid out to other Nations, COLUMBIA takes the Money from her bosom and gives it into a hand which is outstretched as from FRANCE, RUSSIA, MEXICO, etc.

When this color scheme is set forth it will at once make plain the fact already stated that THE OREGON COUNTRY, the PRICE of this EXPEDITION, is the only virgin land of which America has ever been possessed.

Scene XI

As this action is finished and drifting vapors begin to obscure the SPHERE, Iris in on the marble, showing—

Scene XII

Completed marble figure, lightly poised; (the dream-god has vanished) . . .

A DREAM OF LIFE THAT WAS LIBERTY.

Scene XII Con.

This dream of the man-god . . .
This symbol of the ideal of
the group . . . This true spirit
of freedom enduring no tyrant,
whether master or man . . .
is the prayer behind the
American flag!

(End of Prelude)

FILM FOOTAGE FOR TERRESTRIAL COLOR SCHEME OF PRELUDE —Continued.

COLOR TREATMENT OCCURS at footage		as in paragraph
1.	Green	No. 1
5.	Red	2
6.	Red	3
19.	Green	4
21.	Green	5
"	Green	6
"	Green	7
27.	Green	8
32.	Blue	9
"	Blue	10
"	Blue	11
"	Blue	12
43.	Blue	13
46.	Green	14
"	Green	15
"	Green	16
48.	Green	17
50.	Green	18
73.	Blue	5
74.	Green	5
87.	Red	19
92	Red	9
105.	Red	20
106	No Color	20
112.	Blue	21
113.	Blue	22
115.	Red	23
116.	Blue	24
117.	Purple	12
126.	Purple	11
128.	Red	25
142.	Red	26
146.	Brown	27
158.	Purple	27
172.	Yellow	28
"	Red	10
"	Red	11
"	Red	12
176.	Red	29
177.	Red	30
181.	Blue	31
189.	Red	27
"	Red	32

COLOR TREATMENT OCCURS at footage		as in paragraph
221.	Red	No. 21
241.	Red	14
271.	Red	13
"	Red	15
"	Red	16
"	Red	22
"	Red	24
"	Red	29
"	Red	31
291.	Tricolor	9
"	Tricolor	10
"	Tricolor	11
"	Tricolor	12
"	Tricolor	14
"	Tricolor	15
"	Tricolor	16
"	Tricolor	23
"	Tricolor	25
"	Tricolor	26
"	Tricolor	27
"	Tricolor	29
"	Tricolor	31
"	Tricolor	32
308.	Blue	17
311	Tricolor	17
313	Tricolor	33
327.	Tricolor	5
329.	No Color	7
332.	No Color	8
334.	No Color	34
353.	Tricolor	34
356.	Tricolor	35
"	Tricolor	18
361.	Tricolor	36
371.	Blue	8
375.	No Color	8
"	Tricolor	28
406.	Tricolor	1
"	Tricolor	4
410.	Tricolor	7

83

SEGREGATION OF COLOR TREATMENTS

GREEN OCCURS

at footage	as in paragraph	for footage
1	1	406
19	4	387
21	5	52
"	6	407
"	7	308
27	8	305
46	14	195
"	15	225
"	16	225
48	17	260
50	18	306
74	5	253
		12

RED OCCURS

5	2	423
6	3	422
87	19	343
92	9	199
105	20	1
115	23	176
128	25	163
142	26	149
172	10	119
"	11	119
"	12	119
177	30	250
189	27	102
"	32	102
221	21	207
241	14	50
271	13	157
"	15	20
"	16	20
"	22	157
"	24	157
"	29	20
"	31	20
		23

BLUE OCCURS

32	9	60
"	10	140
"	11	94
"	12	85
43	13	228
73	5	1
112	21	109
113	22	158
116	24	155
176	29	95
181	31	90
308	17	3
371	8	4
		13

PURPLE OCCURS

at footage	as in paragraph	for footage
117	12	55
126	11	46
158	27	31
		3

BROWN OCCURS

146	27	12 1
		1

YELLOW OCCURS

172	28	203
		1

NO COLOR RECURS

106	20	323
329	7	82
332	8	39
344	34	9
375	8	53
		5

TRICOLOR OCCURS

291	9	137
"	10	137
"	11	137
"	12	137
"	14	137
"	15	157
"	16	137
"	23	137
"	25	137
"	26	137
"	27	137
"	29	137
"	31	137
311	32	137
313	17	117
327	33	115
353	5	101
356	34	75
"	35	72
361	18	72
375	36	67
406	28	53
"	1	22
410	4	22
	7	18
		25

Total 83

THE STORY

EPISODE I

A LITTLE MORE THAN MIDWAY FROM THE ATLANTIC COAST TO THE PACIFIC,

on the shore of the Missouri River, somewhat of a metropolis of its kind, lay

THE INDIAN VILLAGE OF MANDAN.

Its lodges were commodious and its peoples various.

THITHER CAME OTHER INDIAN TRIBES TO BUY FOOD OR SELL CAPTIVE SLAVES (OR WAGE WAR);

also from time to time, half-breeds

AND FRENCH TRAPPERS FROM THE NORTH.

Came passing one day a war party from a neighboring tribe; they were

GROSS VAUNTOUS, OR BIG-BELLIES, SOMETIMES CALLED MINNETARRES,

and they and their ponies were

RIGGED FOR WAR.

There was one young buck whose naked brown legs clasped a cream-colored Stallion as wild as its master. Chabonneau, the French trapper,

CHABONNEAU, THE BRAGGART,

haggled with him, as did several of the Mandans who

BARGAINED FOR PLUNDER

when these should return;

FOR THEY WERE ENROUTE WESTWARD TO BESIEGE THEIR LONG-TIME ENEMIES, THE SNAKES.

EPISODE II

AWAY TO THE WEST,

in the heart of the Rockies, poor and almost defenseless,

A VILLAGE OF THE SNAKES,

feared the coming of such enemies as the party now

ENROUTE,

fierce, limb-stripped, well mounted and armed

RENEGADE MARAUDERS OF A LAWLESS TRIBE.

EPISODE III.

AWAY TO THE EAST,

quaint and sturdy and now peaceful,

THE VILLAGE OF WASHINGTON,

scarcely more imposing than those already seen except for its CAPITOL,

THE SEAT OF AMERICAN GOVERNMENT.

Now here at his desk, in deep thought, sat

HIS EXCELLENCY, MR. THOMAS JEFFERSON, THIRD PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,

not cognizant of the entrance of

HIS PRIVATE SECRETARY, CAPTAIN MERIWETHER LEWIS,

who perhaps withdrew without disturbing him.
And as the "Sage of Monticello" sat . . .

(*a*) . . Scene: There stands by his side the Allegorical figure of Columbia, her robe which is BLUE with WHITE STARS and her scarf which is RED with WHITE BARS, being in colors; . . . fades to re-show Sub-Scene I. of Prelude, which depicts skirmish between British Regulars and American Minute Men at Lexington; . . .

RECALLING HOW DEARLY BOUGHT THE FREEDOM OF HIS LITTLE NATION,

. . . re-shows Sub-Scenes 2 and 3 of Prelude, which depicts the first sacrifice of an American life; . . . fades to

(*a*) . . Scene as at first; Columbia bends forward as to touch the shoulder of Jefferson, (the mailed hand of ENGLAND threatens her . . . fades).

AND SEEING THE MENACE FROM THE WEST,

and as to whisper in his ear.
Jefferson wears a look of inspiration; Columbia then disappears and Jefferson summons Lewis, and together they eagerly confer.
At Lewis' showing, Jefferson begins to write the "Secret Message to Congress"

ASKED CONGRESS IN SECRET MESSAGE FOR THE APPROPRIATION OF THE PATHETIC SUM OF $2500.00 FOR THE EQUIPMENT OF AN EXPEDITION TO EXPLORE THAT FAR COUNTRY.

EPISODE IV.

OUT ON THE WESTWARD TRAIL,

the Big-Bellies, rioting, gloating, approach a "rim-rock", led by the wild young brown-bodied buck on the wild young cream-colored Stallion; and, boldly posed against the sky-line, these two

OUTLAWS,

look down into the little cup-like valley and

SPY OUT THE LAND OF THE SKY BLUE WATER;

laugh at the helpless VILLAGE OF THE SNAKES.

Being joined by another, the young buck suddenly leans forward and stretches out his long, straight arm, to point toward the mountain stream below, where not far from the Village, two young girls are playing at weaving baskets for their dolls. . . Look closer, for in one of them you will

DISCOVER THE LITTLE SACAJAWEA,

soft eyed, earnest and gentle,

TO WHOSE PEOPLE SHE SEEMED LIKE A MEADOW BIRD THAT SANG FROM THE GRASSES,

but whose long, firm chin already bespoke the forcefulness of her capability;

WHOM FATE HAD CHOSEN TO PLAY A WONDERFUL PART.

Now she looked up to discover, dark against the sky at the top of the rim-rock the strange Stallion and his Rider; saw him joined by another and another . . . with eyes that were wild with fear saw them force their horses over the drift of shaling rock;

AND THEY SWARMED DOWN THE MOUNTAIN SIDE,

throwing caution to the winds; the girls, hiding in the tall grass, knew that an enemy anvanced

TO THE INEVITABLE MASSACRE!

EPISODE V

SLIM YOUNG BRONZLINGS,

the boys of the village, poured forth from the wigwams, naked but for breech-cloths, armed only with bows, their quivers of arrows slung on their little backs . . . on foot

SINCE THE WARRIORS OF THE SNAKES WERE AWAY ON A HUNT,

and while the four old men left on guard aided the women and children in an attempt to escape to the woods,

UNFLINCHINGLY MET THE ADVANCE OF THE INVADERS,

who were men . . . well mounted and strongly armed, many of them with guns (gotten from traders near Mandan);

A FUTILE SACRIFICE!

For the "Big-Bellies", with wild shrieks, rode them down, swept them aside, hemmed in the fugitives, but few of whom escaped, seized women, children and boys as captives, and destroyed the village.

EPISODE VI.

SACAJAWEA,

peering through the grasses, sickened to see these things; clutched in silent terror the arm of her friend when she

SAW THE RIDER OF THE WILD STALLION,

with his companion, gay with anticipation, coming swiftly upon them. She

KNEW THEY HAD BEEN DISCOVERED.

Suddenly galvanized into action, the two girls dashed into the stream, swimming with beautiful stroke. The riders followed, swimming their horses in pursuit. Thus Sacajawea, though she put all that she had into her stroke, soon perceived herself within the reach of the rider of the Stallion;

STILL HOPING TO ELUDE THE GRASP OF FATE,

she dived and disappeared from view. Not to be done out of a capture, the Rider seized her little friend, whom he dragged to his horse's back and made prisoner. His companion, however, was more fortunate that he, for as his horse took the deep water Sacajawea quite unexpectedly came to the surface near at hand, and

WAS CAUGHT AT LAST. . . .

As the Riders joined their fellows on the return trail, Sacajawea, drenched, shivering, bound, looked back into the cup-like valley to see a pale scarf of smoke that trailed the foothills, drifting from the village . . . Saw the red glow, the wild flames that completed the destruction of her home; and all her heart cried out

GOOD BYE! . . .

. . . Looked forward to see in the path before her the cream-colored Stallion with her captive friend, and the backward looks of the covetous eyes of the Stallion's Rider; and all of her spirit rose within her to save herself.

EPISODE VII.

CONGRESS GRANTED THE APPROPRIATION OF THE SUM ASKED FOR TO SEND THE SYMBOL OF GOVERNMENT TO THIS WESTERN LAND.

And the SPIRIT of COLUMBIA pervading her Halls in the Capitol took courage and breathed a new life.

LEWIS, WHEN HE HAD BEEN MADE LEADER,

wrote a letter which

INVITED HIS FRIEND, WILLIAM CLARK, TO JOIN HIM AS SECOND IN COMMAND;

Clark, who was then on his farm in Kentucky, was glad to accept.

AND TWENTY-FIVE YOUNG MEN CHEERFULLY VOLUNTEERED TO ACCOMPANY THEM ON A JOURNEY FROM WHICH THEY COULD HAVE SMALL EXPECTATION EVER TO RETURN.

EPISODE VIII.

CLARK IN KENTUCKY,

which was then frontier, lived on his farm

WITH HIS WIFE,

whom he loved with great devotion and who loved him with unquestioning faith . . . patient, uncomplaining . . . and

HIS FOUR SONS,

an honest, earnest family; and found it none too easy to live supported by

HIS STRUGGLING FARM.

Hence the call of Lewis was, from a monetary viewpoint, a welcome one; but, deeply a lover of his family and his home, he found it as hard to leave them as to go . . .

FOUND THEIR FAREWELLS FRAUGHT WITH TRAGIC POSSIBILITIES. . . .

When the final parting came and he with York, his colored servant, took their last adieus,

HE TURNED AGAIN TO LOOK,

upon her tear-stained face, and the boyish grief of his sons, and took that picture in his heart. Choked with emotion, he waved to them.

GOOD BYE! . . .

EPISODE IX.

LEWIS IN VIRGINIA,

Lewis, the tall handsome Captain, private secretary to the President, the unmarried and unattached, was perhaps

THE MOST ELIGIBLE YOUNG MAN OF HIS TIME;

and in Virginia, where lived the very flower of all the fine folks of the day, Romance shed about him the glamour that is the heritage of every young Knight; and so he found that in many a garden that summer day

ROSEBUD GIRLS DROOPED BECAUSE OF HIS GOING;

found that his own heart softened by unexpected tenderness when

BLUE EYES BRIMMED WITH TEARS,

and beat with strange excitement when

FAIR CHEEKS PALED WITH FEARS.

How often in distant place and time would he recall these faces and these scenes, and hear again a tremendous

GOOD BYE! . . .

EPISODE X.

A SLAVE MARKET

otherwise, the Village of Mandan, was now filled with members of parties lately returned from the hunt; trappers, traders, thronged its open spaces. Chabonneau bragged and swaggered about in clownish activity, making ready his traps for the coming cool nights; and this Parish

WAS THE GOAL OF WEARY WEEKS OF TRAVEL

for the Big-Bellies and such of their captives as had not already been sold enroute. Into the Village they filed; and Chabonneau, who had put in an order for one or two women, ran (with many others) to meet them with his peltries for barter. Women were offered for sale, and were carefully looked over . . . their muscles, their broad backs, for this was a market

WHERE WOMEN WERE BOUGHT AS BEASTS OF BURDEN.

Chabonneau, fussily bargaining, suddenly stepped back and stood amazed; for

HERE THEY BROUGHT THE CAPTIVE MAID.

As grey-haired old Chabonneau gazed upon her, forgotten memories of his youth assailed him, awakening the traditions of his white blood.

She met his looks with some strange serenity . . . she

WHOSE "EYES WERE LIT WITH LIGHTNINGS," WHOSE "HEART WAS NOT AFRAID,"

and yet, she was scarcely more than a child. Chabonneau opened his pack, and bought her. He also bought two women; but the finest of his furs he saved. These he loaded on the backs of the two women, and led the way to his lodge. Here the two women were set to work; there was a great scramble of rearrangement, and all the finest furs and handsomest pelts were set to make a dais in the center of the lodge, under the open space where the sunlight fell; and here was placed

SACAJAWEA,

and the women given her as slaves. Thus she

BECAME THE GIRL-WIFE OF OLD FRENCH TRAPPER CHABONNEAU.

EPISODE XI.

MANY SILVER MOONS HAD DRIFTED OVER MANDAN;

Sacajawea, coming down to the shore to send her two women slaves out in their queer, round calabash-shaped boats for roots of water plants, thought of this;

THE END OF ANOTHER SUMMER WAS AT HAND,

and she was saddened,

BUT MEMORIES OF HER HOME NEVER DIMMED.

She herself embarked. Her own boat was made luxuriant by beautiful pelts, and leaning against their richness, she dreamed to its rocking as it drifted, a floating bowl.

THE WILD SWAN WERE MAKING READY TO FLY.

Now in calm white majesty one floated down into view from up stream. Had he come down from its head waters where her home was?

DID SHE DREAM LIKE THIS,

as she thought of his powerful wings?

"SWEET BIRD, FLEET BIRD, FLYING FROM FAR AWAY,
DO YOU COME FROM THE DEAR OLD HOME OVER THE MOUNTAIN GRAY? . . .
AND DID YOU TELL THEM BEFORE YOU CAME THAT YOU WOULD SEE ME TODAY?" . . .

Had he floated too near, to his own alarm? . . . He suddenly took wing in the direction from which he came. Half rising, she almost called to him,

" . . . TELL THEM MY HEART IS FAIN
TO CROSS THE PLAIN AND THE MOUNTAIN,
AND LIVE IN THEIR HEARTS AGAIN,
BUT I AM A SLAVE IN A FAR OFF LAND,
AND I LONG . . . I LONG IN VAIN! . . . "

Her face was wet with tears!

EPISODE XII.

EVEN AS THE WILD SWAN RUFFED HIS WINGS,

from down stream, three craft, themselves like great strange birds (though at first she saw them not), stemmed the current of the river, manned by men more strange than all; . . . these were

THE SHIPS OF LEWIS.

Her women called . . . She looked . . . The

WONDROUS THINGS WITH ALL SAILS SPREAD,

came gliding to her landing place. Paddling, she reached the sandy shore, and waited. A runner passed her with flying feet, gone to inform the Village. Her heart beat no more than if she knew this vision

CAME IN ANSWER TO HER CRY;

the sails were reefed by men the like of whom she had never seen before; at the prow, strong and straight . . . not coppered like her people, nor swarthy like Chabonneau, but

FAIR LIKE A YOUNG GOD,

stood Lewis; and the kindly Clark and all their eager crew were with

THEIR CAPTAIN.

As the bow of Lewis' boat touched the landing the Spirit of COLUMBIA stepped upon the shore,

AT THE EDGE OF THE WILDERNESS,

waiting, as Lewis passed,

TO SACAJAWEA,

"A slave in a far off land."

THE WONDROUS ROMANCE HAD COME!

EPISODE XIII.

THE OLD CHIEF OF THE MANDANS PONDERED

over the news which the runner had brought; in the shadows of the lodge the runner awaited his word.

THE YOUNG CHIEFS KEPT SILENCE, AS BEFITTED THEIR STATION,

for the news of the runner was grave. Then . . . the arm of the Old Chief was extended in a sweeping gesture which ended with his closed fist against his breast, and he gave one short command. The Young Chiefs signed to the runner and

THE RUNNER FLED TO DO THE OLD CHIEF'S BIDDING,

Swiftly, like a young fawn, he flashed through the twilight,

PASSED THE LODGE OF SACAJAWEA,

where she stood near her door; replying only with a toss of his head and a smile of excitement when she called out to him:

"*NA . . .?*" (*Explain*)

Skirting the Village, he made for the Prairie, his hair flying wildly as he ran against the wind.

CHABONNEAU TOLD HER

when he came a moment later, almost crazed with importance,

THAT THE RUNNER HAD GONE TO SUMMON THE NATIONS

by a signal that should call them all to council.

THAT THE WHITE MEN HAD COME TO TREAT WITH THE TRIBES FOR THE GREAT WHITE CHIEF,

bearing both gifts and guns,

AND THAT THEY WERE GOING TO THE FAR WEST!

On the edge of the Prairie, at the head of the wind, the runner stopped, squatted in the grass and struck his flint. The flames that sprang up painted his body with light before the wind caught them and lashed them across the plain.

MORE SWIFTLY FLAMED HER HOPE!

Warned by the light or the pillar of smoke, every tribe in the region made ready that night to send its Chiefs to Mandan, for

THE BURNING OF THE PRAIRIE WAS THE SIGNAL TO THE NATIONS.

EPISODE XIV.

AT 10 O'CLOCK ON MONDAY, THE 29TH DAY OF OCTOBER, 1804

"We collected the Chiefs and commenced Council under an awning, our sails stretched around . ." (From the original journals of Lewis and Clark). . . . "We delivered a speech." . . . Also held a sort of informal Court in which some inter-tribal disputes were settled. . . Decorated twenty-one Chiefs, as follows:

"To the First Chiefs we gave a Medal, with the impression of the President of the United States.

"To the Second Chiefs a Medal of Weaving and Domestic Animals.

"To the Third Chiefs a Medal with the Impression of a Man Sowing Wheat. . . ."

THE PEACE PIPE was smoked, the Principal Chief having offered it in turn to the East Wind, the West Wind, the North Wind and the South Wind; then to Lewis; and then to Clark. Thus, with ceremonial rites,

THE GREAT COUNCIL.

"After the Council, we gave the presents with much ceremony, and put the Medals on the Chiefs . . . to whom we gave coats, hats and FLAGS." To the Mandan tribe a corn mill.

"After this was over we shot the Air Gun, which appeared to astonish the natives much."

EPISODE XV.

IN THE WINTER FORT AT MANDAN,

at the door of his quarters within the stockade

LEWIS WAS CONFRONTED

with a dilemma. Before him with folded arms and body disdainfully erect, stood an Indian messenger of the Mandans who astounded Lewis

BY AN ACCUSATION OF FAILURE.

To Clark, who joined him from within the hut, Lewis explained:

"HE TELLS ME THAT I PROMISED HIS PEOPLE THEIR ENEMIES SHOULD MOLEST THEM NO MORE;"

The messenger narrowly watched their faces as Lewis related to Clark how a small band of Mandans, secure in this assurance, had gone out to hunt buffalo across the snow-covered plain, and thus exposed, been ambushed by Sioux and Pawnees.

"HE TELLS ME THAT I HAVE LIED."

The messenger leered toward them with menace-fraught look and tone to say that his Young Chief's body even then lay yonder on the plain, stuck with arrows; his blood staining the snow. Then he left them.

WELL . . . IN LESS THAN AN HOUR . . .

Out of the stockade which flew the American flag, armed, perfectly drilled and equipped for action,

THE ARMY OF LEWIS . . . *TWENTY-THREE STRONG,*

swung into step and marching to meet the enemies of the Mandans . . .

FOLLOWED OLD GLORY TO THE RESCUE.

Watching from ambush,

OUTPOSTS OF THE SIOUX

saw the protection of the White man's warfare thrown around the outstanding lodges of the Mandans. They

SENT AN EMISSARY,

who, when he had come within sight of the lodges, took off his skin blanket, and holding it by the corners advanced slowly, making pantomime of spreading the blanket on the ground as for friends to sit upon to smoke, this being an understood inter-tribal invitation

TO SMOKE THE PIPE OF PEACE.

Guards of Lewis, advancing to meet him, kept him well covered with their rifles,

BUT THE MANDANS DEMANDED HIS LIFE FOR THAT OF THEIR YOUNG CHIEF.

Upon those also who would have rushed him, the guns of Lewis were turned, and they were held back.

Now hark, to the Indian's first lesson in civilization.

Lewis told the Mandans . . .

"THESE ARMS ARE NOT TO WREAK VENGENACE, BUT TO ENFORCE PEACE!"

The messenger was then allowed to advance, and spread his blanket, and was given the Pipe of Peace to smoke.

"BUT IF YOU FORGET"

said Lewis to the Sioux . . . and he pointed to his guards with their rifles and flag . . .

"THESE WILL PUNISH YOU!"

EPISODE XVI.

THE LODGE OF SACAJAWEA

was banked deep outside with snow; the door-flap, torn at by the winds of a blizzard, now and again let in the storm in whirling flakes. The lodge fire burned, and by its light her women moved about in service, bending over the bed of furs; for in spirit they knew that the shadows of the lodge

ENTERTAINED THE ANGELS OF LIFE AND OF DEATH.

Dusky with pain, the eyes of Sacajawea looked deep into the coming years; for

THE MOST ANCIENT SHACKLES OF HUMANITY WERE BEING WELDED ABOUT HER SOUL;

. . . her dreams of her home and her people—what of them?

STOUTER THAN THONGS THIS TIE THAT BINDS A SLAVE

. . . this wee brown infant snuggled in a bed of downy swan-breasts, and now being shown

TO HER MASTER,

Chabonneau, his father!

THUS WAS A SON, BAPTISTE, BORN TO SACAJAWEA, ON FEBRUARY ELEVENTH, 1804; WHOM CAPTAIN CLARK NAMED "LITTLE POMP."

EPISODE XVII.

WILLOWS FRINGING THE MISSOURI RIVER

were beginning to show their silver buds; within the stockade all was activity; for every hint of nature

TOLD LEWIS THAT THE SECOND YEAR OF HIS JOURNEY MUST SOON BEGIN.

Sacajawea, within her lodge, made ready for her back the "bier" of grasses in which she would carry Baptiste, for Chabonneau, the braggart, the ludicrous, the over-officious, the clown,

CHABONNEAU WAS TO GO WITH THE EXPEDITION AS INTERPRETER.

This was the culmination of many of her carefully made plans; it was her best dream.

NOW THERE CAME TO MANDAN A BRITISH TRAPPER

whose curiosity concerning the white men was easily appeased when he fell in with Chabonneau, and

WHO SENSED THE IMPORTANCE OF THE EXPEDITION.

He, hoping to frustrate the plan if he could,

INCITED CHABONNEAU TO "STRIKE."

Chabonneau, easily filled with such talk, went as was suggested, with it to Lewis, who would have none of it. He told Chabonneau to leave and not return.

LEWIS, UNDAUNTED,

completed his preparations to depart,

THOUGH GREATLY WERE THE DANGERS OF HIS ADVENTURE INCREASED BY THE LACK OF AN INTERPRETER.

Home to his lodge came Chabonneau, sullen and defiant. When he told her what had happened,

SACAJAWEA'S HEART ALMOST BROKE.

The light of life seemed to die in her; a slave in a "far off land," she longs "in vain."

While she buries her face in her baby's furs to hide her grief, does not a radiance seem to fill the lodge? Does not a Spirit stand by her side? . . . For what but the touch of

THE SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

whom we call "COLUMBIA" could have so lighted her suddenly lifted face, and so

THRILLED THE CAPTIVE MAID

with a wonderful dream? . . . Lifting the door-flap, she passed swiftly out of the lodge; for

IT CAME TO HER THAT HER'S WAS THE GIFT TO GUIDE THE WHITE MEN WEST!

EPISODE XVIII.

WHERE THE BOATS WERE BEING LOADED

Lewis stood on the shore and gave orders. Here

CAME SACAJAWEA,

unannounced by any sound of her moccasined feet. Startled, he asked her errand.

SHE SPOKE IN BROKEN ENGLISH

and she told a tale to which he listened. It is a tale you know,

OF HER HOME HIGH UP IN THE ROCKIES, AT THE SOURCE OF THE TWO RIVERS WHICH SEPARATE, EACH TO FIND ITS OWN SEA ON OPPOSITE SIDES OF THE WORLD;

of the defenseless village of the Snakes; of the outlaws on the rim-rock; the attack,

AND HOW SHE, A CAPTIVE, HAD BEEN BROUGHT TO MANDAN,

bound on the back of a horse. And as to that country,

"SACAJAWEA KNOWS,"

she said; Lewis was swept by the importance of the girl and her story; for her's were the people into whose hands his fate must fall.

THERE WAS NO ONE ELSE WHO SPOKE A WORD OF ENGLISH WHO HAD EVER BEEN MORE THAN TWO DAYS' MARCH WEST OF MANDAN.

The girl, in an agony of suspense, awaited his decision.

"Tell me," said Lewis,

"WHAT BECAME OF YOUR LITTLE FRIEND?"

A shade of sorrow crossed her face, and sadly she shook her head. She told him how all the first day's march she had seen in the path before her only the stallion with his captive burden, her friend. Twilight fell as they made camp;

SHE NEVER SAW CAPTIVE OR STALLION AGAIN.

Their fate was unknown to her. Lewis looked again into the soft brown eyes, so poignant with their burning question, and assented. Those eyes were full with joy. . . Here were the waiting boats . . . yonder the cup-like valley . . . between were many perils,

BUT SHE WOULD GUIDE THEM WITH THE HOMING INSTINCT OF THE WILD WHITE SWAN!

EPISODE XIX.

CAME AT LAST THE DAY TO LEAVE MANDAN.

Curious villagers assembled on the shore to watch the embarkation of

THE MAIN PARTY OF THE EXPEDITION;

packed and loaded into their two perogues and six canoes, and

THE AUXILIARY PARTY WHICH HAD HELPED THEM THUS FAR,

on their great barge, returning home.

Pointing their bows toward midstream, both at a signal, shoved off.

In midsteam, the barge of the auxiliary party swung down stream with the current,

HOMEWARD BOUND!

. . . Looking back with many a farewell.

LEWIS' MEN . . .

bent to their oars to turn their prows

UPSTREAM . . .

The sails unfurled and filled. These men, too, looked back to call farewells to those who were going home! . . . There is one who leans out of the stern of the red perogue; he forms a conch with his hands . . .

"TELL MY MOTHER" . . .

he shouts . . . there are tears on his cheeks, though he laughs. . . .

THEY WERE ONLY LADS!

. . . Lewis, standing in the white perogue, was caught up with strange excitement; for he tells us, this was "the happiest day" of his life. And yet he felt the great responsibility of these young boys

WHO HAD CHEERFULLY OFFERED THEIR LIVES.

. . . He watched them waving their adieus; . . .

WOULD THEY EVER SEE THEIR HOMES AGAIN?

In the bow of the boat, her straining gaze upstream, her baby on her back, was Sacajawea.

Lewis sensed it all . . .

THE FORTUNES OF HIS "DARLING DREAM", PERCHANCE THEIR VERY LIVES AND FATE, WERE IN THE HANDS OF THIS BROWN SLAVE GIRL!

The little procession, the white perogue, the red perogue, and the six small canoes, got under way, passing out

INTO THE GREAT MYSTERY. . . .

Lewis' tears were unrestrained; his face was set toward the West . . .

THAT A GOVERNMENT . . . "BY THE PEOPLE MIGHT NOT PERISH FROM THE EARTH!" . . . OH, PROPHET OF ADVENTURE!

EPISODE XX.

SINCE THE WORLD WAS YOUNG HAD THE SKY LOOKED DOWN UPON THESE RIFFLES AND THESE SHORES;

* * *

UPON THE PRAIRIE LANDS THAT MATCH THE PLACID BOSOM OF THE STREAM'S LOWER REACHES . . .

* * *

UPON THE CASTLE-CLIFFS THAT CROWD INTO NARROWS THE HURLED TIDE OF ITS UPPER CURRENT;

* * *

UPON THE EVER MOUNTING AWESOME PILE OF DESOLATE ROCK THAT REARS THE CREST OF A CONTINENT,

* * *

. . . THE GREAT DIVIDE . . .

* * *

WHERE THE TWO RIVERS RISE SIDE BY SIDE,

* * *

AND FOREVER CROONING THE SAME MUSIC UNDER THE SAME STARS,

* * *

GLIDE AWAY TO FIND THEIR "SEPARATE SEAS."

. . . WILD LIFE CAME AND WENT AND CAME IN THIS WILD LAND.

* * *

PANTHER CAME TO THE WATER'S EDGE TO DRINK IN THE MOONLIGHT;

* * *

BEAVER BUILT . . .

* * *

FAT BLACK BEAR FISHED IN THE WARM SUNLIT SHALLOWS.

* * *

GRIZZLIES LURCHED AMONG THE BLEAK ROCKS. . . .

* * *

IBEX AND ANTELOPE WERE SILHOUETTES AGAINST THE SKY;

* * *

THE WILD BUCK LED HIS DOE AND HIS FAWN AS HE BREASTED LAKE-LIKE POOLS IN SEQUESTERED PLACES;

* * *

ELK RESTED IN THE GROVES;

* * *

BUFFALO GRAZED IN THE PLAIN;

* * *

THE EAGLE BUILT HER NEST ON INACCESSIBLE CRAGS.

* * *

. . . AGES PASSED . . . FOR WHAT WERE THEY WAITING, ROCKS AND RIVER AND SKY?

* * *

. . . A LITTLE SHIP!

Its "square sail" filled, its "sprit sail" glinting in the sun. . . .

* * *

A PROPHET OF ADVENTURE . . .

. . . Lewis!

EPISODE XXI.

OF MISHAPS TO THE VOYAGERS THERE WERE MANY.

One day, when a sudden storm broke, Lewis and Clark were both on shore, seeking a safe shore shelter for their crew,

DREWYER ASKED CHABONNEAU TO RELIEVE HIM AT THE HELM

of the white perogue, in which were all Lewis' important papers, instruments, etc.

Among the papers

THERE WERE NOTES OF THE 2200 MILES OF THEIR JOURNEY ALREADY COVERED;

among those in the boat who anxiously watched clumsy Chabonneau take the helm were Sacajawea with "Little Pomp" on her back, and

THREE MEN WHO COULD NOT SWIM.

Sacajawea readjusted the baby's "bier," for she might have to swim. . . .

The boat was under sail; the gale struck her obliquely, lifting her out of her course.

INSTEAD OF PUTTING HER BEFORE THE WIND,

Chabonneau, alarmed and unskilled,

LUFFED HER UP INTO IT.

The waves were high,

THE WATER ICY COLD.

The wind snatched "the brace of the square sail from the hand of the man who attended it, and the perogue was upset."

"The resistance made by the awning against the water" held the boat upon her side; but she filled, so that when they had taken in the sail, so she could right herself, she was within an inch of the gunwales.

Crazy Chabonneau forgot the rudder and tried to pray . . . until bowsman Crusette threatened to shoot.

Lewis and Clark on the shore fired their guns to attract attention, but their orders could not be heard. Then Lewis dropped his shot pouch and rifle, threw off his coat, running, for he had

seen as the boat righted, that the swirl of the waters had carried out his precious papers.

But Clark caught and held him; for the boat was three hundred yards away, the waves high and the current wickedly swift.

As they looked, Sacajawea struck out over the low gunwale, swimming swifter than the current itself. Bobbing, bobbing, up and down,

LEWIS' TREASURES . . .

Swift and strong and sure . . .

SACAJAWEA

with "Little Pomp" on her back.

Now she overtakes her quarry, and now she has it,

SAFE!

For the red perogue has picked her up.

EPISODE XXII.

BUT THERE WERE NIGHTS OF GLADNESS, TOO;

when, by the camp-fire's glow the men danced on the sandy beach; when York, Clark's kinky-haired negro servant, showed them plantation steps;

WHEN CLARK,

who learned to love the brown baby "as his own son," took Little Pomp in his arms, and

BY THE TOUCH OF BABY HANDS WAS TRANSPORTED TO "HIS OLD KENTUCKY HOME, FAR AWAY;"

when those who did not dance smoked and dreamed;

WHEN LEWIS,

who had so often on the journey been visited by dreams of Virginia's moonlit gardens,

FOUND HIS VISIONS OF ROSEBUD GIRLS GROWING DIMMER.

Sacajawea, bewitched by moonlight and fire-light, breathed in the wonder of the music, for Crusette was a master of the violin. And the witchery also touched Lewis, the young Captain;

BY HIS SIDE A WOMAN,

though she was only a girl in years.

A woman, patient, brave, kind and uncomplaining; faithful; giving her whole devotion, and though yearning, asking nothing in return;

IN THE DEPTH OF WHOSE EYES ONE MIGHT WELL DROWN THE SOUL.

But the music ceased; and Chabonneau, the least useful of them all; the least comprehensive, the least deserving, could dispel the glamour with a word.

Not only had he bought her as a slave, but by such tribal rites as there prevailed, had married her. Oh, yes,

SHE BELONGED TO CHABONNEAU . . .

Over the night camp when all were at rest floated a silver ship; at its prow stood a goddess who wore a white star and whose scarf was striped.

After all,

LEWIS WAS PLEDGED TO A DREAM!

EPISODE XXIII.

THE WAITING SKY HAD WATCHED, THOSE AGES PAST, TWO SILVER STRANDS

one from the North, and one from the South,

THAT MEETING, FORMED THE BROADER BAND THAT WAS THE MISSOURI RIVER.

Up this broader stream now toiled the Expedition, and came to the twinning place of the silver ribbons.

ONLY ONE OF THEM CAME FROM THE TOP OF THE DIVIDE . . . WHICH?

None knew the answer. But

HERE THEY MUST LEAVE THEIR BIGGEST BOAT AND MUCH OF THEIR POSSESSIONS.

Sacajawea showed them how to make a cache as her people did . . . how to put away their goods within this earthen vault so they would not come to harm; how to replace the sod and leave no trace.

They dragged the red perogue up among the trees, made it fast and covered it with brush.

Sacajawea told them the lore of the upper country, and advised them, as she believed, the answer to their question,

WHICH WAS THE TRUE MISSOURI?

She was right. At night, when the weary camp was asleep,

LEWIS ASKED THE STARS . . .

. . . "Took Celestial observation." We like to dream that she stood by his side, she who was born of the stars . . . . his guardian angel, COLUMBIA. . . .

HE SET HIS COURSE BY THEIR ANSWER.

EPISODE XXIV.

SACAJAWEA'S PROPHECY CAME TRUE;

as they journeyed they began to hear

THE THUNDEROUS ROAR OF A MIGHTY CATARACT!

When they came upon it, they found no words to express its beauty, even among themselves; they were helpless before its might;

THEIR NAVIGATION WAS STOPPED;

but not their dauntless determination.

They made camp, felled cotton-wood trees and from their trunks made trucks with wooden wheels, on which the canoes, fastened, made wagon beds; and into these they packed their loads.

Harnessed together in teams like oxen the men drew these strange vehicles

TRIP AFTER TRIP OVER A PORTAGE ROAD SIXTEEN MILES LONG.

The earth was rough and hard and cut their feet; prickly pear thorns pierced even their leather clothes and moccasins; so heavy were the loads . . . so hard the going, so difficult the ill-shaped wheels, that at every step the men must bend and strain, catching at grass and bush to drag themselves and their burdens even a few feet at a time.

So spent were they, that at the word to rest and breathe they dropped in their tracks and, Lewis says, were, in their exhaustion, almost immediately asleep.

As, at such a breathing spell, he wrote these words in his notes, and looked upon the poor, forlorn, huddled things, he could but recall a grave which they had left on the cliff by the stream

THAT FIRST SUMMER . . . SERGT. FLOYD . . .

They had fired the parting volley; sounded taps and sailed, as they must, relentlessly on their way . . . leaving no sentinel but the lone wolf that howled to the sky;—no mourner by the grave except in spirit that IDEAL for which he gave his life; but

COLUMBIA DOES CARE! . . .

. . . Ah, so great a responsibility!

HOW MANY MORE WOULD THEY LEAVE?

But he must rouse them . . . He called; they stumble to their feet; they stumble on . . .

"YET ALL GO CHEERFULLY,"

wrote Lewis on that day.

EPISODE XXV.

AFTER PORTAGE

they re-embarked, their now depleted fleet augmented by two hastily constructed boats, making in all eight small canoes.

THEIR BOATS WERE TOO HEAVILY LOADED TO CARRY THE MEN.

Hence the eight crews were again harnessed . . . tandem . . . and walking along the shore, towed the boats. But

THE EVER NARROWING STREAM WAS THREADED BETWEEN ROCKY WALLS THAT GAVE NO FOOTHOLD,

forcing the men to the water.

THUS THEY MOVED DAY AFTER DAY

along a stream the bed of which was constantly recurring shallows where the boats must be dragged, interspersed with pools and channels through which the tandem teams must swim and tow their boats.

Continually in the snow-chilled water, often up to their arm-pits, struggling

THROUGH A LAND WHICH NO LONGER PROVIDED THEM WITH FOOD OR RAIMENT;—

did it not require stout hearts?

UNLESS THEY COULD FIND AND WERE HELPED BY FRIENDLY INDIANS, THEY HAD COME THUS FAR IN VAIN!

Eagerly watching for signs of Indians, they found a worn pole which they showed to Sacajawea. She told them that it was

A MOVING POLE . . . HER PEOPLE, THEN, WERE MOVING . . . WHY?

. . . She explained its use; how, being dragged by a pony, it supported the burden of their greater packs when moving.

They found a worn Indian shoe . . Sacajawea said it was

AN ENEMY'S MOCCASIN!

This was of tragic interest! Who, if any, had survived this apparent conflict? . . Would

they prove friends or foes? . . . And where were they? . . . If foes, behind what shadow might they lurk?

. . . THEY GOT OUT THEIR LITTLE FLAGS WITH THE THIRTEEN STARS FOR THE THIRTEEN COLONIES SO FAR AWAY,

hoisted one on each canoe, primed their guns, tightened their harness,

AND "CARRIED ON" . . .

. . . Soldiers . . . Captain . . . little brown guide. . . .

GOD KEEP THEIR MEMORY FRESH!

EPISODE XXVI.

Sacajawea now told them that she was

NEARLY HOME.

So anxiously peering ahead . . . what does she see as they round a bend in the stream? . . . Three

WILD WHITE SWAN!

They were coming out of the defile to a more open space—they were

NEAR THE CUP-LIKE VALLEY;

Suddenly Sacajawea caught Lewis' arm.

"NANITCH" (LOOK) . . .

She pointed toward the high ground. There, flinging a challenge, stood

THE WILD STALLION! ("July 24th, 1805, at 10 o'clock A. M.)"

What did it all mean? . . . They made the shore, and one of the men picked up

AN ARROW . . . "ABOUT 2 FT. 9 IN. IN LENGTH" . . .

At sight of it, reality faded, and Sacajawea again beheld the past;

AGAIN SHE SAW THE BOYS OF THE VILLAGE
go out to meet the advancing Big-Bellies . . .

THIS WAS THE VERY SPOT ON WHICH SHE HAD BEEN TAKEN CAPTIVE;

she had reached home at last,

BUT HER TRIBE HAD VANISHED!

EPISODE XXVII.

DETERMINED TO FIND HER PEOPLE IF ANY LIVED,

Lewis took two men and scouted the country while the Expedition moved on, arranging to meet again further up stream.

In advance of his men, he at last came upon a lone Indian on horseback, but could not come near. He pushed up his sleeves to show that his skin was white,

CALLING, "TABBA-BONE" (White man).

. . . made the blanket sign of peace; but

LEWIS SAW THE LONE INDIAN SUDDENLY WHEEL.

Bitterly disappointed at the Indian's disappearance, he continued farther, and came upon

THREE INDIAN WOMEN;

. . . an old woman, a young woman, and a girl.

The young woman fled, but the old woman and the girl, seemingly thinking it futile to try to escape, kneeled down and held their heads for execution;

THEY EXPECTED DEATH . . .

Lewis took the woman's hand and raised her to her feet and gave her a gift; then he painted their faces with vermillion, which they permitted, and as such

THEY RECEIVED A SIGN OF FRIENDSHIP;

encouraged, Lewis felt that he was meeting with some success, when

THE LONE INDIAN REAPPEARED WITH ALL THE WARRIORS OF THE TRIBE,

mounted on splendid horses and armed with bows and arrows. The Chief rode in advance; there were eagle feathers in his horse's mane and tail; by his side was the young woman who had run away. The party was undoubtedly

INTENT ON ATTACK.

When the warriors would have fallen upon the white men

THE NEW FOUND FRIEND PROTESTED.

Gifts were offered the tribesmen.

LEWIS POINTED TOWARD THE RIVER,

and made known to the Indians by signs that he had friends there. The Indians then took from Lewis and his men their guns and ammunition, and accompanied them to the river, still not convinced of friendship . . .

CLARK'S PARTY HAD NOT ARRIVED,

when they came to the river. Whereupon the Indians, considering themselves tricked, prepared to put the white men to death.

LEWIS PLAYED FOR TIME;

. . . Life was only a matter of minutes when Clark's party came in sight.

Now the Chief and the young woman by his side . . . they start . . . they stare . . .for

SACAJAWEA

is running toward them, calling out in their own tongue! . . . She reaches the young woman . . . they embrace . . . it is

HER CHILDHOOD FRIEND

whom she had last seen on the back of the wild Stallion! And

THE CHIEF . . . HER OWN BROTHER . . . CAMEAHWAIT!

EPISODE XXVIII.

ON THE GREAT DIVIDE,

Lewis, dipping his cup in the spring and facing the East, drank

A TOAST TO THE MISSOURI,

and but a short distance away, dipped in that other spring, and, facing the West, drank, also,

A TOAST TO THE COLUMBIA,

upon which they were now prepared to set forth.

Sacajawea's people had supplied them with horses, and now bade them farewell.

Cameahwait told Sacajawea the courses and directions,

STILL THEIR GUIDE, SHE LED THEM DOWN

across the highlands and over

THE LOLO TRAIL.

Single file, each man led a pony packed with a share of the party's possessions, and on his own back carried his personal equipment.

NO EARLIER SUFFERINGS EQUALED THEIR SORROWS ON THE TRAIL,

which wound its tortuous way through the cleft heart of mountains of lava rock, twisting spirally down shelving walls that gave but the barest clinging place above deep blue chasms.

Twice, a pony crowded by his pack, lost foothold and rolled to his destruction.

No life was found to supply them with life.

EVERY WAKING HOUR THEY HASTENED FORWARD,

with garments worn and cut and torn to tatters, and with nothing with which to replace them.

Fear urged them on,

LEST FAMINE OVERTAKE THEM.

"We dined and supped on a scant proportion of portable soup, a few canisters of which, a little bear's oil and about 20 lbs. candles form our stock of provisions." . . .

They were sick; Lewis and Clark often carried both their own and the burdens of others.

They arrived at the Snake River, a branch of the Columbia,

STARVING!

Too weak to more properly construct them, they made three small canoes of pine logs burned hollow.

In these they set out once more.

EPISODE XXIX.

BUT WHO SHALL SPEAK OF TROUBLES GONE?

Their tears, falling down their haggard cheeks, are they not the tears of men who give thanks for some great blessing?

FOR THIS IS THE PROMISED LAND!

. . . They had "come through."

Three rudely fashioned boats of pine drifted on a heavenly river whose shores were sweetly green; a river guarded by sentinels of snow, a river that trimmed with blue, a land of beauty . . . a land of plenty. . . .

THE OREGON COUNTRY.

An Indian runner, perched upon some high vantage point, saw three small objects

FLOATING DOWN THE COLUMBIA.

He was to bear this news to Multnomah, chief of all the lower tribes, for this was

THE COMING OF THE WHITE MAN.

Broader grew the wonderful river, more gentle its current, until its shores gave way, at last, on either side to mists that hid the land. On ahead, a white line showed

THE BAR,

where the river meets the ocean.

After more than two years' journey, what feeling in their hearts? For in their ears now sounds

THE MUSIC OF THE SEA.

EPISODE XXX.

Down along the beach at Clatsop three are walking—come after piteous sacrifice, at last to look upon

THE PACIFIC OCEAN.

. . . Three? . . . No, look! . . . With them walks Columbia

WHERE THE WAVES KISS THE HEM OF HER ROBE;

can you doubt that she,

THE SPIRIT FOR WHOM THIS PRIZE WAS WON,

was near? It is because of the devotion of such as these, Columbia, that

"A WORLD OFFERS HOMAGE TO THEE!"

AGAIN IT WAS THE END OF SUMMER.

. . . Standing on the shore

AT MANDAN,

Little Pomp toddling by her side, Chabonneau just behind, was Sacajawea. Out in the stream was the Expeditionary party, now returning home. In the White perogue were Lewis and Clark . . .

THEY SAID GOOD-BYE . . .

What light went out of the life of Sacajawea with their going!

Clark had begged her to give him Little Pomp, that he might bring him up as his own son; he told her that she might come, too; but Chabonneau had laid his detaining hand upon her and the child, the hand of ownership.

. . . Lewis . . .

But she belonged to Chabonneau!

FINIS

. . . Do you see, as I see, the eyes of COLUMBIA that compel mine to their gaze?

DOES COLUMBIA FEAR A MENACE NOW?

Does she seem to speak? . . . Does she seem to say

IF SLEEPING, WAKE . . . IF FEASTING, RISE . . . IT IS THE HOUR OF FATE!

THE END

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 015 793 006 0